

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## Boys and Girls Department

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that;  
Whatever you say—Be true,  
Straightforwardly act,  
Be honest—in fact,  
Be nobody else but you."

## POETRY.

## The Clouds.

I love to see the clouds go by,  
Like dark and smoky mountains,  
And sometimes in the blue, blue sky  
I think I see a fountain.  
And sometimes at the fountain  
Children I see there;  
They run behind the mountains  
And disappear somewhere.  
The mountain goes away,  
And all at once I see  
Those very happy children  
Looking down at me.  
The sun is setting low,  
Mother comes to see me,  
Good-bye, little cloud-girls;  
I must be leaving you.  
—Elizabeth Finch.  
Boynton, Va.

## A Round Trip.

At Tiredville the trip begins,  
We soon reach Drowsy Centre;  
The gates of Sleepyland we push  
Apart, and slowly enter.

Within are dreams of every kind,  
And naps of every order;  
We must take care, or nightmares mad  
Will chase us from the station.

But, when we've once reached Slumbertown,  
We've no more need to worry;  
The journey back to Wide-Awake  
We take in quite a hurry.  
—Julie M. Lippman in the Christian Register.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

There used to be a belief that opportunity did not knock at the door but once, and that settled it once for all. Now, Wide-Awakes, there isn't a word of truth in that. Opportunity is always knocking at everybody's door, and the reason he does not help folks is because they will not help themselves.

Many people take no notice of opportunity because he isn't calling them to lead the procession. Opportunity calls people to lead the procession, but he always calls those who can do it. He, however, makes no speciality of processions.

Opportunity has demanded that a lad should get up early in the morning when he didn't want to, and obedience has carried such a lad to the presidency of the United States; it has called upon young men to put on overalls and jumpers and to work in the garage when they did not want to, and taught them lessons which made them great.

Opportunity doesn't call people to wear Sunday clothes all the time, or to do things which are most pleasing to them. Opportunity calls people to service and he has opened the door for a kingship the beginning of which was peril and drudgery.

Remember that opportunity is not the patron of soft snobs—he is not an admirer of kid-gloved dudes. He is fond of parties to the worker who takes hold of the work presented for him to do and does it.

Opportunity is not what you want, but what someone else wants. Forget yourself and meet opportunity at any hour of the day or night and your reward will be sure.

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## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Nancy Partridge, of Poquetanuck: I received the prize book and like it very much. I was pleased when I got it. I have read some of it and like it. I thank you for the book.

Elizabeth O'Neil of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book which I have received. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

Helen M. Whittaker, Providence, R. I.: I received the lovely book, "Water Babies," which you sent me. It is very interesting so far as I have read. Many thanks.

Harry Cookson, Centerville, R. I.: I thank you very much for the book. I have read it and it is very nice.

Raymond I. Royce, Norwich: Thank you for the book you gave me as a prize. I enjoy reading it very much.

## PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

—Hazel Huling, of Hampton—  
"Trading and Exploring," by Agnes Vinton Luther.

—Horatio Bigelow, Jr., of Norwich—  
"Camping Out," by C. A. Stephenson.

—Blanche Demuth, of Baltic—  
"Tom Swift and His Wizard Camera," by Victor Appleton.

—George Farrell, of Norwich—"Fox Hunting," by C. A. Stephenson.

—Frieda Retkowske of Norwich—"Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe.

—Jessie L. Brehant, of Locust Valley, L. I.—"Off the Geysers," by C. A. Stephenson.

—Vincent L. Waters, of Williamstown—"A Child's Garden of Verses," by R. L. Stevenson.

—William Stanton, of Williamstown—"Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall.

Winners of books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin business office for them any time after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

## STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

George Washington.  
—George Washington, the first president of the United States, was honest, kind and true.  
His father gave him a new hatchet, so he ran off into the orchard and began chopping his father's cherry tree.

The tree was soon down and he hurried home.  
His father was out around the orchard when he saw that his cherry tree was chopped. When he reached home he inquired about the tree. He asked his father, "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet."

—JILLIAN BREHANT, Age 15.  
Locust Valley, L. I.

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.  
Patience was a dear little eight-year-old girl, that lived in Lexington. She and her girl friends were sewing samplers.

This is what Patience had to sew on her sampler: "A soft answer turneth away wrath,"—Patience Arnold.

One day her mother left her alone in the house for a few hours, while she visited a sick lady. She gave Patience the key of the barn, where the ammunition was kept, to take care of, and said:

"Do not give the key to anyone until I return."

Patience kept on sewing. There were so many letters for her to sew and they were so crooked, that they looked like the minute men whom her father drilled in the village green.

When she was sewing the word Patience, a gentleman entered the room. He paused to look at Patience's trembling fingers, and then he said:

"I ask for shelter for my men." He pointed to a number of soldiers outside. "They are tired and need rest. I tried to open the barn door, but it was locked. Then he asked for the key.

Patience took it from her apron pocket and held it under her cap. The gentleman called his soldiers in and told them to search the house, as he wanted the barn key. They searched every room, but did not find it. Then he grew very angry and said:

"Give me the key." Patience said: "I have the key, but was told not to give it to anyone until my mother returns."

She showed the gentleman the words at the top of her sampler which read:

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." He was satisfied then and walked out.

Patience's mother came home soon after. She was glad that her daughter had obeyed her mother.

JESSIE L. BREHANT,  
Locust Valley, L. I.

A Home-Made Ball.  
If it is a rainy day and you want something to do, make a soft ball that you can use in the house. You will need only a cork, some cloth to tear into strips, a piece of strong twine, and a small quantity of bright colored wool.

The cork is the foundation. Around this wind strips of muslin, which you have torn into half inch strips. Wind slowly and keep the ball quite round. When it is as large as you want it, take the twine and tie it over the ball securely, forming divisions or sections like those of an orange.

Now thread a tape needle with the wool, tie it where the cross sections meet, and then take it round and round the ball, in and out, the twine, till it is completely covered. Keep the wool quite smooth and even and so over one string and under the next.

If you have not a tape needle, thread a darning needle and use it wrong end first.

GEORGE FARRELL, Age 12.  
Norwich.

A February Picnic.  
Once upon a time there was a little girl named Nellie. She was always wishing that she had been born in June, so that she might have a birthday party like the other girls who she knew.

One day her mother told her that she had sent out for a picnic party, little friends, inviting them to come to a lawn party Thursday. Nellie did not see how she could have a lawn party in the snowy woods. But her mother told her not to ask questions, but wait until the time came.

When the children came they were very much surprised for in the barn on the floor of the loft was a nice green carpet with trees and flowers all around it.

In one corner was a pile of sweet hay, with old Docie and her three kittens upon it. Had much more fun with the organ grinder's monkey, who danced and bowed and played with the boys and girls.

Soon luncheon was served, and when it was time to go home they said it was the jolliest and funniest picnic they ever attended in.

G. W. Age 13.  
Poquetanuck.

Bonnie and the Spool of Thread.  
Once upon a time there was a little kitten and we called it Bonnie. Bonnie was a nice little kitten and had gray and white fur and he climbed on the window sill, then he would mow for all he was worth until he would open the door to let him in.

One fine day when the children were all at school Mamma and the baby went out for a walk to the park. In under the stove asleep and Mamma did not know it. Well, Bonnie went to the sewing room and got one of Mamma's black spools of thread, and then he was looking for a comfortable place to play with the spool of thread.

Finally he went into the parlor and sat in a big spring rocking chair and began to unwind the thread from the spool, until Bonnie was all covered with the thread, and then he began to cry.

Just then Mamma and the baby came in from their afternoon walk. Then Mamma put the baby to bed. She was reading the paper when she saw the kitten on the table and saw the paper on the table and went to find Bonnie. Just then she heard the cry again and went into the parlor and saw the bunch of thread. Then she said:

"Well, I declare, this cannot be Bonnie" and she went to pick it up and found it was Bonnie, and pulled him out, and three days after Bonnie ran away.

BLANCHE DEMUTH, Age 14.  
Tatfield, Box 270.

The Stag at the Lake.  
One warm day a stag stopped to quench his thirst at a lake. The water was so clear that he saw himself in it as he bent down to drink.

What fine large horns I have, thought he; but how weak and thin my legs are.

He was thinking about these things a lion sprang at him. The stag turned and ran.

His legs were weak and his feet were sure and so long as they were on the plain he outran the lion. When he came to the woods, his horns caught in the trees and he held him fast until the lion fell upon him.

The stag cried out: "Alas! the legs I scorned would have saved me! but the horns of which I was so proud have caused my death."

HAZEL HULING, Age 11.  
Tatfield, Box 270.

Field Mouse and Town Mouse.  
A field mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town.

The town mouse was asked one day to dine with the field mouse.

Out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

The town mouse looked at this plain fare with scorn and said:

"Do you know, my friend, that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why I have stores of good things to eat at home. Come to town and dine with me, and see what I have to give you."

So the two set out for town, and there the town mouse showed him unusual and dates, his cheese and cake, and many sweets.

As the field mouse ate he thought how rich his friend was and how poor he was.

But while they were feasting a man came into the room, and the mice were in such fright that they ran into a crack.

By and by, when the man had gone, they crept out again.

Just then a cat came in. The town mouse said: "Run for your life!" cried the town mouse.

Away flew the mice and reached a hole just in time to save their lives.

Then the field mouse would eat no more, but said to the town mouse: "Please, yourself, my good friend, eat all you want. You are rich, but you are in a fright the whole time. I am poor, but I have nothing to fear. I am content with my lot, and I will live on those, in no fear of anyone."

SOPHIE THOMA, Age 12.  
Norwich.

Ocean Beach Day.  
Every year at Ocean Beach they have a holiday which they call Ocean Beach Day.

There are rowing races, walking the greased pole, and diving, with many other events.

I am going to tell you about the last Beach day.

but he beat a boy much older than himself.

Then came the diving. The men would run up the springboard and dive off. They wore the backknife dive, the backward dive, the front dive and others.

The race was very funny. The boys got into some little tubs and paddled with their hands. Most of them tipped over, and when they got to the end of the race all of them had a ducking.

That night there were fireworks, but the fog came in and spoiled them.

HORATIO BIGELOW, JR., Age 10.  
Norwich.

The California Earthquake.  
I am a little girl. I lived in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. One day while I was playing I heard a rumbling noise. I was so frightened I ran to my mother. My father was sleeping and he woke up.

Soon there was a large, loud crash heard. We then took our things and ran out. I became lost among a crowd of people. I went out of the crowd and ran to the coast. There I went on board a steamer. By and by the other people came on and soon we started.

We went through the Golden Gate, out to the Pacific ocean. We then sailed down the coast of Mexico and South America, up the Atlantic ocean to England.

When we landed all the people went to hotels and boarding houses, so I went home.

One day while I was walking in a park I met a man and woman whom I knew. They were my mother and father. We all were glad to see each other.

After a month in England we came to Norwich, in the United States, and I have been here ever since.

FRIEDA RETKOWSKA, Age 11.  
Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.  
Uncle Tom's Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about Papa's visit to Terryville to my Uncle Tom's.

He told me that Uncle Tom is very fond of raising cattle and training them, and that he has two young ones now.

Auntie has a lot of hens, turkeys and ducks, and Cousin Gilbert has rabbits.

He wanted Papa to bring a pair of hares to us. Uncle Tom thought he had enough chores to do without feeding rabbits. I suppose he means we've forgot to feed them, as Brother John said. He forgot to do our chores sometimes.

I hope to visit them myself some day, and then I will tell you more about them.

FLORENCE WHYTE, Age 9.  
Scotland.

Her Summer Vacation.  
Dear Uncle Jed: June 18th we got out of school. The school had a picnic and after the picnic we played games and ran races. It was about 4 o'clock I went home.

In the morning I have to help my Mother do some work; the afternoon I go down to the orchard and get some apples. If it is Wednesday we go to sewing school to learn how to sew.

The lady who shows us how to sew is Mrs. Selmes.

In July we had company for about two weeks. My Uncle John and Cousin Helen and Cousin Lawrence from Philadelphia. He was a little sick, so he thought he would come to the country.

While they were visiting at our house we went to Baltic, and when he was there he got five muskrats, and then I went home and skinned them and hung them up to dry.

I went the next morning and got one muskrat, and the next morning I did not go because it rained, and then it snowed. Then I took the traps up because it rained much.

MAURICE P. PLYNN, Age 13.  
Haltville.

He Likes to Collect the Eggs.  
Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about the farm where I live.

We have two horses, ten cows and a pair of oxen.

We have about forty hens and pullets. I like to feed the hens and get the eggs.

FERDINAND SYLVIA, Age 9.  
Scotland.

Her Dog Spot.  
Dear Uncle Jed: Before I go to school in the morning my dog Spot and I have a walk together.

At night when I come home he wants his walk just the same. So instead of taking a walk I get a stick and throw it far away and then run and hide. After he gets the stick he comes to find me.

We have great times together. When I slide down hill I take him on the sled with me. Sometimes I drag him on it.

EDITH M. HILL, Age 12.  
Oneco.

Little Rags.  
Dear Uncle Jed: I've got a little yellow dog. His name is Rags. I like

him.

My Rooster.  
Dear Uncle Jed: One day our dog was chasing my rooster. She drove him away from the hen house. He was some wild. The rooster got his leg tangled in the wire and broke it.

I brought him into the house; then I got two small pieces of wood. I put one piece on each side of his leg. Then I got a piece of cloth and wound it around his leg, and I tied it tight with string.

After I did this I put him in a place by himself. He was there for about three weeks.

One day my mother said that he was using his leg which had been broken. Sure enough he was.

It was not long afterward when he began to use both feet. You cannot tell now his leg had ever been broken.

HAZEL HULING, Age 14.  
Hampton.

Dear Uncle Jed: A little boy named Howard was just born to me. One day he said to his mother:

"Mamma, O, I do wish I had someone to play with."

Mamma could not help it. Then a new family moved across the road. There were no children to play with Howard.

Howard got acquainted very soon, so he asked if he might borrow the little baby.

He could, and what delightful times they had together. The baby played with the rubber ball and the marbles. Every pleasant day he borrowed a brother.

LOUISA KRAUSS, Age 13.  
Tatfield.

A Handsome Cat.  
Dear Uncle Jed: About two years ago I was visiting a friend and saw a kitten sprawling about. They said they were going to drown it.

I felt so sorry for it that they gave it to me. It was a long, slim cat and so homely. Now it has grown to be a big, black, shiny cat. We named it Buster.

A year ago last Thanksgiving I took him to visit Grandma.

Buster ate some pumpkin seeds a little while ago and was very sick.

We are going to give him a catnip ball right away, and we have got a catbook for him.

I take him to bed with me at night, but instead of scratching, as most cats do, he bites. He is 2 years old and is very plump and fat.

Wouldn't you like to see him?

MILDRED TRUAX, Age 19.  
South Manchester.

Her Little Kitten.  
Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my pet. My pet is a little kitten. He is most all gray. He has a little black and white on him.

You should see him play with his tail. He will climb on it so hard I

should think he would hurt it. He is only a baby kitten. I have had him two weeks, but he seems to know everything about the house.

JOSEPHINE HOLBERG, Age 10.  
Norwich.

Different Kinds of Fowl.  
Dear Uncle Jed: I live on a farm where we keep geese, turkeys, ducks, hens, guineas and five little banties.

I have one little banty which I call Queeny and another larger creeper hen named Bessie.

They all come by the doorsteps looking for their feed every morning and night, and seem so very glad to see me when I go to feed them that they follow me all around.

At night they go to roost in a small building which I nice place I prepared for them.

VIOLET MAIN, Age 12.  
Mystia.

Trapping Muskrats.  
Dear Uncle Jed: One Monday I set nine traps and the next morning I got two muskrats. I was very glad, and then I went home and skinned them and hung them up to dry.

I went the next morning and got one muskrat, and the next morning I did not go because it rained, and then it snowed. Then I took the traps up because it rained much.

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## Ponce De Leon

The great Spanish explorer who searched for the mythical "Fountain of Eternal Youth," was on the wrong track.

There is only one "Eternal Youth," and that is "continual good health."

## King's Puremalt

will insure a good digestion and a hearty appetite. It is a food and a tonic combined. Malt and Hops—Hypophosphites of iron and lime. No family should be without a supply.

Collier's Weekly, in its issue of September 2, 1901, published an article entitled, "Here Are Foods That Are Pure." Margaret Wagner, There was printed in this article "A List From Which Housewives May Choose Without Doubt or Hesitation." This list was the result of several years, an arduous work by the pupils of the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, under the direction of Professor Lewis B. Allen. KING'S PUREMALT is mentioned among the food products of absolute pure quality.

KING'S PUREMALT is sold at all drug stores and in strict conformity with the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906. Send for prices to your druggist or to us.

King's Puremalt Department,  
36-38 Hawley St., Boston

King's  
PUREMALT

Little Rags very much. Rags likes to be petted. He picks up every one he finds and brings it home. He likes to go to school, but the teacher puts him out.